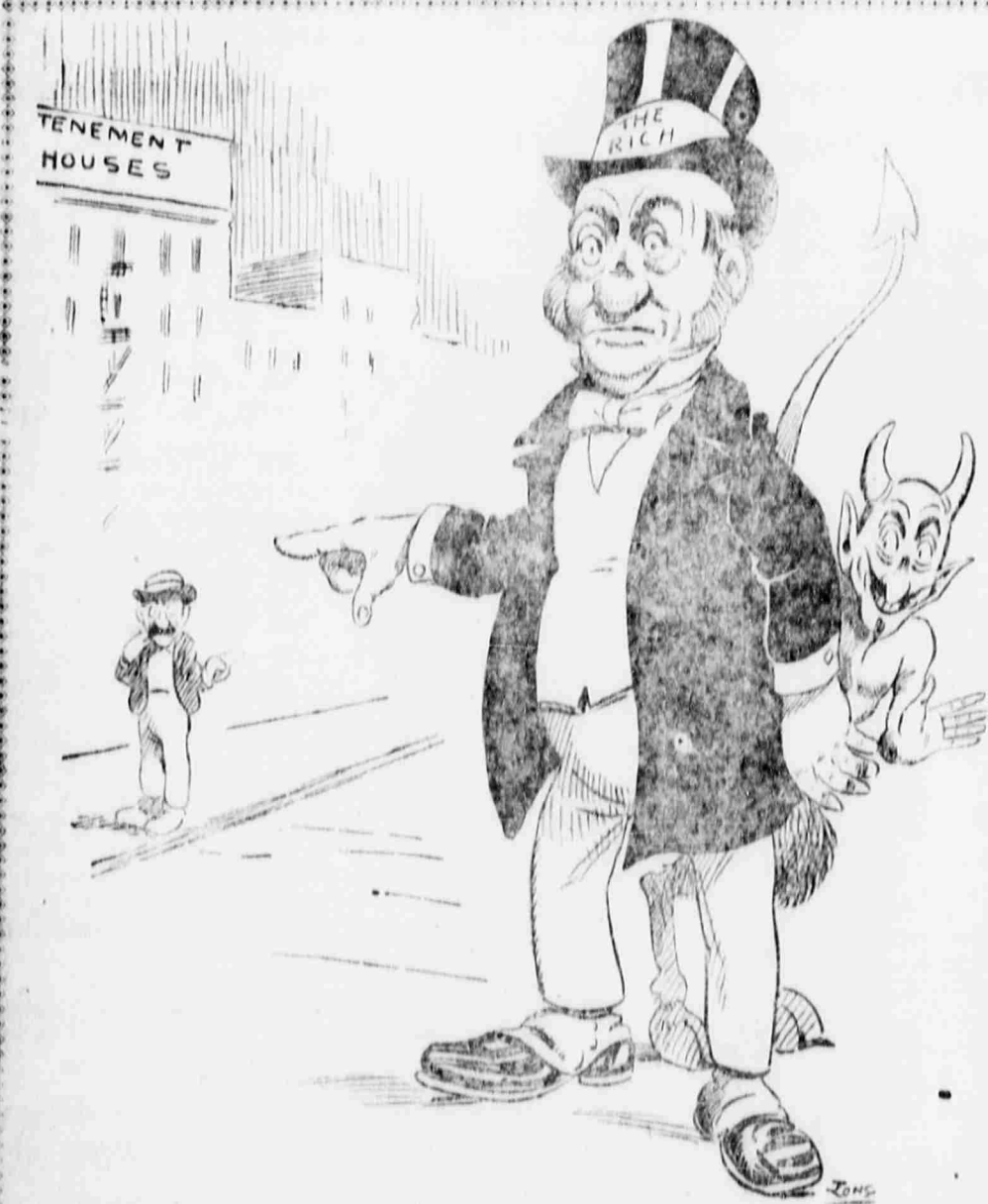


# THE HUNT FOR VICE.

BY FERDINAND G. LONG.



"THERE IT IS!"

## TALMAGE'S SATURDAY SERMON.

THIS last summer I stood on Sparrow Hill, four miles from Moscow, Russia. It was the place where Napoleon stood and looked upon the city which he was about to capture. His army had been in long marches, and awful fights, and fearful exhaustions, and when they came to Sparrow Hill the shout went up from tens of thousands of voices, "Moscow, Moscow!"

I do not wonder at the transport. A rise of hills sweeps round the city. A river semi-circles it with brilliance. It is a spectacle that you place in your memory as one of three or four most beautiful scenes on all the earth. Napoleon's army marched on it in four divisions, four overwhelming torrents of valor and pomp. Down Sparrow Hill, and through the beautiful valley, and across the bridges, and into the palace, which surrendered without one shot of resistance, because the avalanche of troops was irresistible.

Today we come on a high hill, a glorious hill of Christian anticipation. These hosts of God have had a long march, and fearful battles, and defeats have again and again mingled with the victories, but today we come in sight of the Great City, the capital of the universe, the residence of the King, and the home of those who are to reign with Him for ever and ever.

Look at the towers and hear their ring with eternal jubilee. Look at the house of many mansions, where many of our loved ones are. Behold the

The Need of Patience. Worry, the Bane of Life.



REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

streets of burnished gold and hear the rumble of the chariots of those who are more than conquerors. No far from being driven back, all the twelve gates are wide open for our entrance. We are marching on, and marching on, and our every step brings us nearer to the city. At what hour we shall enter we have no power to foretell, but once entered amid the blood-washed host, our entrance is certain.

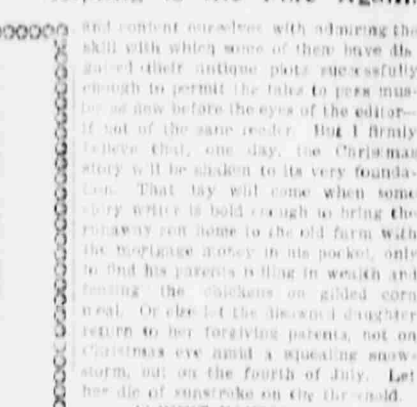
More radiant waters than I saw in the Russian valley will pour through

that great metropolis. No raging conflagration shall drive us forth, for the only fire kindled in that city will be the fire of a savior that shall ever burn, and never die. Reaching that shining gate, there will be parting, but no tears at the parting. There will be no eternal farewell, but no sadness in the utterance.

Then and there we will part with one of the best friends we ever had. No grief for her in heaven, for she needs no heaven. While love and joy and other graces enter heaven, they will stay out. Patience, beautiful Patience, long-suffering Patience, will at that gate stay.

"Hold on! I helped you in the battle of life, but now that you have gained the triumph you need me no more. I bound you with my wings, but now they are all healed. I soothed your bereavement, but you pass now into the realm of heaven. I can do no more for you, and there is nothing for me to do in a city where there are no burdens to carry. Good-by! I go back into the world from which you came up, to comfort my poor suffering people and all the homes, and build households and altars. The cry of the world's sorrow reaches my ears, and I must descend. Up and down that poor suffering world I will go in message and comfort and consolation. I will visit the poor and the sick, and on all the mountains, and in all the valleys, and on all its plains there is a voice, and left that has need of patience."

And content ourselves with adorning the skill with which some of them have displayed their antique points successfully enough to permit the tale to pass unheeded as now before the eyes of the editor—



ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE.

rush to read the writings of a man who had actually had pneumonia at a hotel. Kipling passed momentarily out of sight, except, perhaps, among people who read because they want to and not merely because they ought to. He comes to light again with a serial novel entitled "Kim," the first chapter of which appeared in the December McClure's. It is the story of an Irish boy brought up by a half-caste Hindu in Lahore. Kim is a semi-civilized edition of Mowgli of Jungle Book fame, and jingles with humans as his prototype did with wild beasts. From the first chapter the story does not promise to add material to the author's fame. Given a mild attack of measles ought to do more for the sale of his books than "Kim" is likely to accomplish.

"How do you insure your daughters against reading books of doubtful morality?" was asked of a mother of four young girls at the last Ladies' Day of the Authors' Club.

"It is not difficult," was the reply. "I never let them read any books where the heroine gets married in the first chapter."

The Christmas magazines are upon us, with here and there a more interesting periodical which has already brought out its New Year's number. Instead of yawning over the same old collection of Christmas tales that have done service in one form or another since the Year Two of the Christian Era, let us draw the much frayed robe of Yuletide charity over the offenders

panne velvet and gold braid. A large white cloth hat with black plumes completes the costume.

## The World.

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## BISHOP POTTER'S STARTLING EXPOSURE OF THE SLUMS OF FIFTH AVENUE.

Bishop Potter has spent practically his entire life among people of wealth and fashion and their associates. He has made some excursions into other walks of life. But his social relations, his intimacies, have been altogether with what Parton called "the triumphant classes." He knows them thoroughly. He is competent to speak of them, of their mode of living and thinking.

Here are a few specimens of his description of them in his address at New Haven on Thursday:

Hear a group of young girls whose fresh youth one would think ought in the matter of their most tender and sacred affection to be as free from worldly influence as from the taint of a Chinese opium. You will find that they have their price and are not to be had without it any more than a Circassian slave in the market of Bonded.

The heads of the great universities paralyzed with fright lest the indiscretions of some plain-spoken professor who tells his age the truth in an hour when it sorely needs to be heard shall out down the revenues of the college.

If the first-coming to these shores were to come back to-day and see the houses, the dress and the manners of their descendants they would think themselves in London in the time of Charles, or in Versailles in the time of the Louis.

And he goes on to describe by contraries when he urges the rich to "illustrate in their habit of life simplicity of attire, inexpensiveness in the appointments and chasteness in the aspect, proportions, furniture and decorations of their dwellings." This can only mean that Bishop Potter finds that the rich of his acquaintance are for the most part ostentatious and extravagant in dress, prodigal and vulgar and ignorantly profuse in their dwellings, both without and within. And he caps the climax when he describes them as having "palaces or the buying of legislatures" as "the final and highest distinction," and of "appropriating the achievements of the scholar, the inventor, the pioneer in commerce or the arts, without rewarding them for the products of their genius."

Vulgar. Ignorant. Vain. Sordid. Unscrupulous.

When the conservative character of Bishop Potter's mind, the dignity and responsibility of his position and his opportunity to know whereof he speaks are considered, how tremendous, how terrific is this indictment!

At about the same hour young Rockefeller (!!!) was telling his Bible class that they ought to relieve "the dreadful conditions of the east side by going thither to preach Christianity and act it toward the unfortunate suffering and groveling there."

How feeble and silly, when such "unfortunates" are "groveling and suffering" in the "dreadful conditions" of the Fifth Avenue districts, as graphically described by Bishop Potter!

When Bishop Potter goes on to treat those classes and conditions with which he has only superficial or hearsay acquaintance, he is not instructive. Methuen, wounded at Modder River in a little battle, wildly telegraphed the Queen that it was "the bloodiest battle of the century." So Bishop Potter, seeing in his immediate neighborhood these degrading and repellent exhibitions of sordidness and vulgar vanity and ignorant cupidity and incapacity for rational enjoyments and aspirations, reads his garments and cries aloud: "The whole people are corrupted and corrupting! Moloch is god and his shrine is in almost every household in the Republic!"

Not at all, Bishop Potter! The seum and the dregs are, now as always, seum and dregs. But the main stream, the great body of running water, above the dregs, beneath the seum, is larger, purer, more wholesome here than elsewhere in civilization and everywhere than it used to be. Don't worry about that mighty river. But you cannot be too much perturbed about the seum.

It is very important for the people of wealth and fashion and their associates whose brains they exploit in exchange for salaries and fees, that they should interrogate themselves. It is very important for any man who is mortal and has only a few years in which to enjoy himself that he should learn to enjoy himself as much as possible—that he should acquire the intelligence not to dress himself (or herself) up like a peacock and exhibit himself (or herself) at home and abroad with a childlike vanity; not to keep a hotel and a livery stable because he (or she) can afford it and because the rich barbarians of past ages and of present monarchies were in the habit of acting thus stupidly; not to waste his (or her) superb one chance for the thrill of real existence in a dull, vulgar routine—mindless, purposeless, profitless.

Bishop Potter urges these rich to altruism—to sanity and intelligence and aspiration for the sake of others. Why not for the good old plain reason of self-interest, enlightened selfishness?

Poor creatures that they are, as the Bishop describes them! What a waste of opportunity! What a narrowing of enjoyment! What a night-desert of existence—without friendship, without love, without neighborly kindness, without artistic tastes or instincts, with little but the miserable crude appetites and ideals of the lower animals!

If the American people were not so busy building up their majestic structure of comfort and enlightenment and happiness, of freedom, equality and fraternity; if they were not engaged in this most important and pressing work of self-help and helpfulness to others—

They might join Bishop Potter in a mission to the rich.

As it is, they will give a few moments to that most pleasing of all harmless diversions—thinking how much better one could spend one's neighbor's time and income than he spends it himself; and then—

They will resume their own business—providing food, clothing and shelter for themselves and their families and training their own children to be wiser and better citizens of the Republic than were their fathers.

## FROM THE FUN-MAKER'S GRAB-BAG.

HOW CHOLLY CAUGHT UP WITH THE NEW STYLE.



Cholly—Leave that yoke at my rooms after dark tonight and I'll give you a pie see me, they'll feel for it.

"There, I guess when the other chap-pleas see me, they'll feel for it."

"Like 15 cents."

## TIME AS A HEALER.



The Artist—Did I ever shave you before, sir?

The Victim—Yes, once.

The Artist—I don't remember your face.

The Victim—No, I suppose not. It's all healed up now.

## GOOD TIME COMING.



The Professional Politician (when women vote)—Ha, ha! Where's yer "silent vote" now?

William—That's merely a sham.

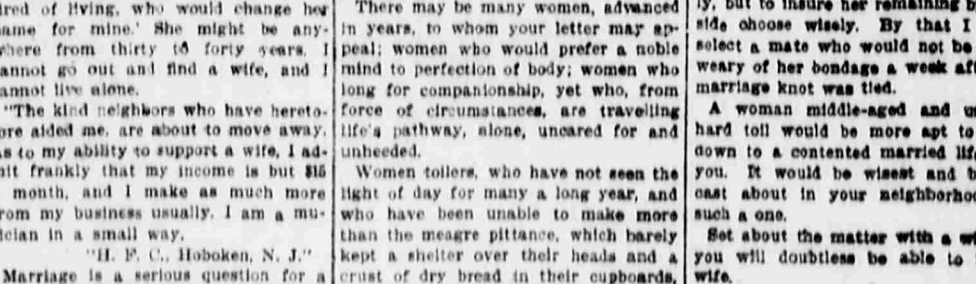
## A QUIET CONVERSATION.



George—Is it true that the pillow is going into retirement because his wife gave him the slip?

William—That's merely a sham.

## QUESTION OF FORM.



The Duck and the Potter (in unison)—Say, ain't you wrong and up?

## LAURA JEAN LIBBY.

Should a Woman Enter Wedlock for the Purpose of Securing a Home.

you and be thankful for your companionship, considering your helplessness no burden, rather a pleasure, to have some being on earth to minister to, who would appreciate their true devotion and watchful care.

In youth every woman has the hope and usually the chance of marrying. As the years increase the opportunities diminish. Therefore, your chance of securing a congenial mate under forty years of age would be limited, especially as you have no comforts to offer—nothing save the love of a good, honest heart.

As you are situated marriage with such a woman as I have described would be a blessing to you, undoubtedly, but to insure her remaining by your side choose wisely. By that I mean, select a mate who would not be apt to weary of her bondage a week after the marriage knot was tied.

A woman middle-aged and used to hard toil would be more apt to settle down to a contented married life with you. It would be wisest and best to cast about in your neighborhood for such a one.

Set about the matter with a will and you will doubtless be able to find a wife.

LAURA JEAN LIBBY.

## HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

Answers the Questions of Housewives. Useful Information for All Women.

Mix in a glass vessel and dissolve by the heat of hot water. This cement should be gently heated before being used.

To Whiten Piano Keys.

Dear Mrs. Ayer: What will polish and give lustre to a black walnut piano? What will whiten the keys? Some are slightly yellow. What makes a good furniture polish?

Mrs. H. O. P.

The regular method for bleaching ivory is somewhat impracticable in the case of piano keys, and as the nearest substitute for this you might apply putty powder and water with a rubber of felt. This is said to produce a fine gloss in a short time, and is partially successful in bleaching the keys.

An excellent furniture polish for any hard wood is as follows: Half an ounce of raw linseed oil and the same quantity of turpentine mixed with forty drops of spirits of ammonia.

White Cashmere Frock Pattern.

Dear Mrs. Ayer: Would you kindly suggest a pretty way to make a white cashmere dress for a baby girl two years old? M. J. C.

YOU can get a pretty pattern for this little frock at one of the pattern shops. I would suggest your having it made to wear with a muslin guimpe, which is always a pretty thing for a little child's dress.

A Polish and Cement.

Dear Mrs. Ayer: I'd like a good recipe for polishing metals and one for making rubber cement. C. J. J.

A GOOD method for polishing metals is to apply salt and vinegar to the article to be cleaned.

Make rubber cement as follows: Gutta serena, three parts; virgin India rubber (coconut), one part, both cut small; agnescent oil of turpentine, eight parts.

White silk cape and white chiffon create this dainty gown. Lace and embroidery form the trimmings.

TEA GOWN.

In a room where there is fire or light. Terrible accidents have occurred as a result of carelessness in the use of both these cleansers.

HEARTS THAT MIS-UNDERSTOOD.

"HE is so cold!" she said, and sighed.

"His heart is shut within the shell encased of his old Cremona violin."

They met and passed—and as she went

She dropped upon the stair

A rose that opened in the soft

Brown sunshine of her hair.

The maid forgot her dream of love.

Another man to wed,

Years after came a dawn that found

The white-haired minstrel dead.

With violin upon his breast,

His soul had taken wings—

And lo! a rose, a withered rose,

Was tangled in the strings.

—New England Magazine.